

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sundays by The Evening World Publishing Company, Inc., 25
41 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 25 Park Row.
ALFRED H. HARRIS, Treasurer, 25 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 25 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscriptions: Daily, For Foreign, Per Annum, \$10.00; For Domestic, Per Annum, \$5.00.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
All Countries in the International
and Canada. Postal Union.
One Year, \$10.00; One Year, \$5.00.
One Month, \$1.00; One Month, \$0.50.
VOLUME 36.....NO. 19,747

ALWAYS REGRETTABLE.

GERMANY'S explanation of the submarine attack which only just missed destroying the Orduna is, like the note on the Arabic, a shifty attempt to look at once consistent and "not guilty."

The Orduna note says the submarine commander's instructions were not to attack any liner. This is the second time the German Foreign Office has endorsed the assurance transmitted to this nation through Ambassador von Bernstorff Sept. 1. The message concerning the Arabic contained equally plain reassertion that liners henceforth were not to be torpedoed without warning.

But with this general proposition all plainness ends. In the case of the Arabic, Germany pointed out, the submarine commander thought the liner might be going to ram him—a regrettable mistake.

In the case of the Orduna it is claimed the thickness of the weather made it impossible for the submarine commander to tell the character or nationality of the vessel—though it was clear enough for him, after his torpedo had missed, to shell her until she was out of range.

If the Orduna had gone to the bottom, if the twenty-two Americans aboard had been murdered like those on the Lusitania, we take it Germany would only have expressed profound regret that the weather was so bad and the submarine captain so impulsive.

In short, as we have said before, Germany's latest attitude amounts to this: Submarine commanders have received instructions. But the Imperial German Government cannot confidently predict that faithful sons of the Fatherland will at all times remember or observe them. Under the most untoward circumstances of undeserved drowning and death, however, it will always be safe to count upon Germany's deep regret.

Does Berlin really think that's all?

In his comings and goings James F. J. Archibald is said to enjoy the attentions of many governments. This time his own will meet him at the pier.

PAINFUL ECONOMY.

IN ORDER to keep the city's 1916 budget appropriations from climbing above this year's total of \$199,000,000, Mayor Mitchell proposes to save \$1,100,000 by "a programme of painful and irksome economy." This programme will involve drastic dropping of city employees and cutting of city salaries with consequent hard feeling and harsh words.

This is no time to find fault with attempts at municipal economy—belated and floundering though they be. But how much better if, instead of lopping off the salaries of its employees, the city could get more out of them for what it pays them now. If the Mayor could talk higher efficiency instead of lower salaries there would be little of the "hardship and suffering" which he admits is inevitable under his present scheme.

Moreover if the city exacted a full and fair amount of work from those in its pay we should hear less about ruinous budgets and accumulated debts of extravagance. The employer who gets out of his employees the best of which they are capable does not have to cut wages or worry about expenses. He is too successful.

Why can't the city be that sort of boss?

Berlin and Vienna are welcome to row over Dumba. He isn't our fault.

PROMPT WORK.

THE makeup of the Naval Advisory Board is already complete. Eleven scientific societies have named twenty-two representatives, who, with Chairman Thomas A. Edison already appointed by Secretary Daniels, will meet on the sixth of next month to organize.

The twenty-two nominated members of the board are a well balanced group of scientists, inventors, engineers—electrical, mechanical, civil, mining—mathematicians and chemists—each eminent in his field. Their leader is the American whose name above all others stands for achievement and progress in making science serve man.

Not only most valuable improvements originate in such a body, but every inventor and one-idea man in the country who has a plan or a suggestion that the nation might use can have a hearing without halting or burdening the regular work of the Navy Department.

The Board has been completed with commendable despatch. With the country's best brains on the watch American inventors need no longer be driven by indifference and red tape at home to betake themselves and their plans to admiralties abroad. The United States Navy ought to get every good idea that comes along and get it first.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

"Every woman has several hundred friends on her 'hating list,' according to the oldest and most uncondemned bachelor of our acquaintance."—Columbia Star.

It's a wise jitney driver who hires a pretty girl to ride in the back seat.—Pittsburgh Press.

No woman who is able to dress well and in style considers her husband a failure, even though he is a derelict on the sea of life.—Macon News.

When a man doesn't choose between

two evils it is usually because neither takes his duty.

More people die to command than are born to command.—Deseret News.

Why is it that the prettiest girls always pick out the ugliest men to marry?

The clock is not the only face on which time tells.

It is a fine thing for motorists that telephone poles do not bear grudges.—Toledo Blade.

Letters From the People

A Rubber Plant Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will some kind reader of this valuable paper please tell me just how to go about cutting off branches from a rubber plant to replant them? This may interest other readers.
W. E. HUGHSON, CLUTE.

Marriage Requirements.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly inform me as to the marriage requirements of New Jersey and New York (age and how long you must reside before being able to take a license).
W. L.
New Jersey, twenty-four hours. Must live in New York.

A Patriot

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"O H, DEAR," said Mrs. Jarr with a sigh, as she looked up from the evening paper, "nothing ever seems to happen to us!"

"What do you want to happen to us?" asked Mr. Jarr. "If something did happen you'd worry because it did. You seem to be worrying because you haven't anything to worry you."

"I have lot of things to worry me," said Mrs. Jarr. "But everybody seems to have adventures except us. Pleasant adventures, I mean. People are coming into fortunes every day, but we are not."

"And people are dying every day, and we are not," remarked Mr. Jarr. "It isn't what really happens that worries us so much. It is worrying about worries that we expect. But the days come and the days go and we get our three meals a day and the rent comes due, and nothing really happens."

"Well, isn't that what I was saying when you contradicted me?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Now look here at this article in the paper about a millionaire wanting a divorce because his wife was too extravagant. How can a millionaire's wife be extravagant? But what makes me angry is that he says all women are extravagant and spend too much on clothes. I wonder he doesn't go shabby!"

"But he can afford to dress well," said Mr. Jarr.

"Then so can his wife!" declared Mrs. Jarr. "I get so put out when I read of rich people giving advice to the poor—telling them to save. How can anybody save whose income is limited? Old Mr. Rockefeller is always advising everybody to save, and yet I heard Mr. Stryver say the other day that whenever old Mr. Rockefeller wanted an extra million or two he simply raised the price of gasoline."

"We should worry," replied Mr. Jarr. "We have no automobile, not even a Flivver."

"I won't have one of those cars, if I never get one!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "And as for gasoline, I do use gasoline. I just cleaned a hat with five cents' worth of gasoline."

"You buy five cents' worth of gasoline ever and anon, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, certainly," was the reply, "and I have to use it myself when anything is to be cleaned, because Gertrude is so careless and will use gasoline in the kitchen to clean gloves or ribbons or shirt waists when she

Mr. Jarr Listens to a "Sob Story,"
Chiefly About the Cost of Gasoline

"Does it?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Then it's no wonder the Rockefeller's are rich and taking it out of me, too! Why should the Rockefeller's charge me a dollar a gallon—only I never buy a gallon; I'd be afraid to have it in the house—and let Mr. Stryver have it below cost?"

Mr. Jarr tried to explain, but Mrs. Jarr paid little attention to his dissertations on economics.

"Oh, I know you'd have some excuse for the Rockefeller's," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I think it's real mean of them charging me a dollar a gallon for gasoline."

"No, no, no!" cried Mr. Jarr. "You have got it all wrong. You only pay at the rate of a dollar a gallon for gasoline because you buy in such small quantities."

"Come to think of it," declared Mrs. Jarr, and a smile lit up her face, "it wasn't five cents' worth of gasoline I bought at the drug store, it was five cents' worth of benzine! Those Rockefeller's didn't get anything from me, after all!"

So Wags the World
By Clarence L. Cullen

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

THERE are a lot of women so benignly suspicious that when their husbands fetch them some little gift quite unexpectedly they instantly say to themselves, "Ah ha! what has he been doing now?" (N. B. It's a good thing for some of the gift-givers that their spouses are better suspects than guessers.)

If the sociological statisticians could get a line on the number of married folks who, after ten years of connubiality, still confuse habit with love and who go on wondering why life is so dull, the figures would be astonishing.

Matronly Myths: "My husband stares dreadfully at pretty women. But, please! It doesn't bother me. The poor old dear wouldn't know how to talk to one of them if he met her, and of course he hasn't the nerve to try to get acquainted with one of the busses."

Signs That You Hain't So Young As You Was: When, on getting home from the summer vacation, the old town, instead of looking brisk and gladome, seems sort of sad and moth-eaten; and, instead of gadding around and showing off your coat of tan to folks, you mope around miserably and wonder if you didn't pick up a little malaria at the place where you spent your vacation.

We've never yet known one of those folks who take a nap after luncheon who didn't emerge from the drowsy slumber with a little more of the left ear of his (or her) maternal grandmother.

We've developed a handy little knack of looking at our watch and mumbling something about catching a train when we meet one of those rappers who says, "You know, I like Jim and I'm one of the best friends he's got in the world, BUT..."

When a woman leaves off attempting to keep down her fat because she thinks that her husband doesn't care any more, she quite gratuitously assumes that the old codger can't and won't dig around somewhere and somehow find an outlet for his special brand of caring.

A woman with a very youthful, naturally-rosy face with prematurely gray or white hair could be mighty interesting if she were not infallibly so irritatingly and cock-surely conscious of the fact.

Sayings of
Mrs. Solomon
By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

MY Daughter, I came upon a damsel sitting beside the river. And when I had observed that she was reading a Robert Chambers novel I admonished her, saying:

"Tell me, oh Simple One, WHY dost thou take thy sentiment vicariously?"

For there is no such thing as LOVE, as it is in novels!

But she answered me, saying:

"Nay, verily, my Mother! There is no such thing as a Perfect Love OUTSIDE of novels! Therefore, do I devour them, that I may jolly myself."

And I questioned her further, saying:

"Go to! Why dost thou not MARRY then, and have done with love forever?"

But she replied sorrowfully, saying:

"Verily, verily, oh my Mother, I WILL marry at the appointed time. Yea, I shall marry—"

"Even when I meet a man so TACTFUL withal that he doth not attempt to kiss me without first telling me that he loveth me."

"When I meet a man so CONSIDERATE that he will arise from his place beside me, upon the piazza, and depart early, saying:

"Go to thy beauty sleep, Beloved. Let not ME keep thee awake after 11 o'clock!"

"When I meet a man so enamored of ME that his eye doth not brighten at the approach of another woman, nor his cheek glow at the flatteries of pretty damsels and grass widows."

"When I meet a man so devoted that he can see naught to criticize in me, and nothing to 'improve' about me, even after he hath decided to marry me."

"When I meet a man so BUSY that he hath no time to daily with me at afternoon teas, nor to have his nails manicured during office hours."

"When I meet a man so COURTEOUS that, after three months of 'devotion,' he treateth me as politely as a casual acquaintance."

"When I meet a man so intelligent that he doth not offer to do my thinking FOR me, neither to read aloud to me."

"When I meet a man so chivalrous that he would rather commit burglary and arson than hurt my VANITY."

"When I meet a man so GENEROUS that he would wear an old overcoat for two seasons that I might have two new hats in one season, and would share, not only his last crust, but his morning newspaper with me!"

"Yea, then, and then only, shall I marry!"

But I kissed her and wept upon her shoulder, saying:

"Go, thou Simple One, and study stenography! For thou hast doomed thyself to Eternal Spinsterhood!"

Selah.

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

This Auto Dealer Profits by Appealing to the Women.

"WESTON, here's a cartoon which has a direct application to our business," remarked Taylor, manager of the Swift Motor Car's local agency, as he passed a daily newspaper to his sales manager.

Weston noted the pictures which dealt with the successful stratagems adopted by a man's wife to induce him to invest in an automobile.

"You mean that we ought to appeal more directly to the women?" "Exactly! We've been mailing our letters to men only. We should cover both man and wife simultaneously with different arguments. Now that I think of it, I can recall scores of cases where our sales were directly attributable to feminine influence."

"I believe you're right. I'll take it up with Dalton to-day."

Two weeks later, another mailing campaign was launched, and with name on the envelope, one going to the head of the family at his office, the other to his better half at the home. The first letter dealt with the conventional and time saving features of auto ownership; talked about the "Swift's" mechanical perfection and economy of operation and wound up with an offer of a demonstration.

The second letter tactfully presented the social advantages of an investment in a machine; explained how it enlarged one's acquaintance and served as a convenient method of repaying social obligations; emphasized the distinction and beauty of the car's appearance and appointments, and ended, as did the husband's letter, with a request for the opportunity of demonstrating its merits.

Results proved the psychological soundness of the manager's contention. More than four times as many requests for demonstrations were received than from a previous campaign in which men only were circumscribed. In several cases the husbands appeared like lambs led to the slaughter, feebly blating protests. In others, they admitted that they had been considering the purchase of a car, but that the wife's influence had turned the scale in the Swift's favor.

It has been said that the American treats his wife as a superior, the Frenchman treats his as an equal and that the Englishman treats his as a servant. Like most generalizations, this dictum probably is of no particular significance. But, doubtless in many cases opportunities to make sales through the feminine appeal are overlooked. In the selection of a home, an automobile, or, in fact, in any investment in which both husband and wife are interested, it pays to recognize the latter's influence.

Beauty and the Press Agent.

(A Post-Vacation Interlude.)

MISS RUBY BROWN is back again in town. I saw her riding at her languid pace.

A slight loth oods and men to please, But yesterday morning we saw her. To her serene, o'erlooking view All men are grass.

And she makes hay; but we will let that pass.

A most adventurous summer by the sea she had. I have the facts as they were told to me.

FIRST came a near-betrothal to a Count.

Then loss of jewels held at fabulous amount.

Next, in the surf, far-suspecting for a lark, She bare a fierce man-eating shark;

While yet again, borne breathless on the wave, She holed her drowned boat that one sprang to save.

Who, dodging a hoisty fame, Made but his gallant dash and fled, nor

left his name.

The joy ride knew her, and she jumped the bar.

That split between her and the village jail.

(Although the country squire was not all rash.

Who left the Ruby go and kept the cash.)

A rural pastor took her for his text, And pulpit thrust to constable got next.

HOW do I come to know These things, and that they happened so?

'Tis plain enough. The tale I had From one whose hand is ever warm

Whose very meat and drink Compounded are on rich recollections

Printer's ink.

He would be put about Did I but seem to doubt

The faith in which he earns his wage As loyal Boswell to a fickle Stage.

See, from yon lofty billboard, how coyly she looks down.

E. W. O.

What the Men Are Wearing.

WITH military styles in full swing many of the new overcoats are showing the shoulder cape. The cape topcoat is by no means an unusual sight. Ultra-fashionables have been wearing them since spring.

Convert is a favorite material for the topcoat and many of the newest overcoats are made up in chevrons, fringes, meltons, vicunas and beavers—all old-time favorites that bid fair to become popular during the coming season.

Many of the new topcoats are made up in double-breasted effects and this one-time popular model will, no doubt, again find universal favor. There is every indication that the popularity of the loose effects is waning in men's coats as well as women's, and there may soon be a decided waistline. It all depends upon the tailor to develop it after the request is for the comfortable, loose fitting coat there are fashionable models to select from. In the ready-made garment both styles are prominent and for this winter, at least, both will be equally modish. After that it remains to be seen which the men have chosen.

The new cloths are more subdued in coloring. The checks, plaids and stripes are being replaced by plain blues, black and grays. This is largely due to the incoming form-fitting idea, as these fabrics lend themselves to most men.

Among the new fall stock coats many double-breasted sack coats. These are generally becoming and the forerunner of an old-time model will be acceptable to most men.

The smart hat for fall is the soft pearl-colored Alpine. This, too, is a revival of the "Homburg" made famous by the late King Edward. The present correct model has the brim bound in pearl and has a black band around the crown. This probably is the forerunner of a stiff hat for men. At any rate, the extreme soft hats are no longer worn.

Men are wearing higher heels. The new shoes have a one-inch heel, and for general wear, there is a strong trend toward the lace shoe. For "dressy" wear the button boot is still preferred, and of stiff cloth tops are favored. A black, cloth-top, button boot with a shiny leather vamp and a plain toe makes a nice-looking footgear.

Run shoes, in the medium shades of gray, are worn more than they have been during the past season. The fashionable man will have a large assortment of fancy colored top boots to select from.